

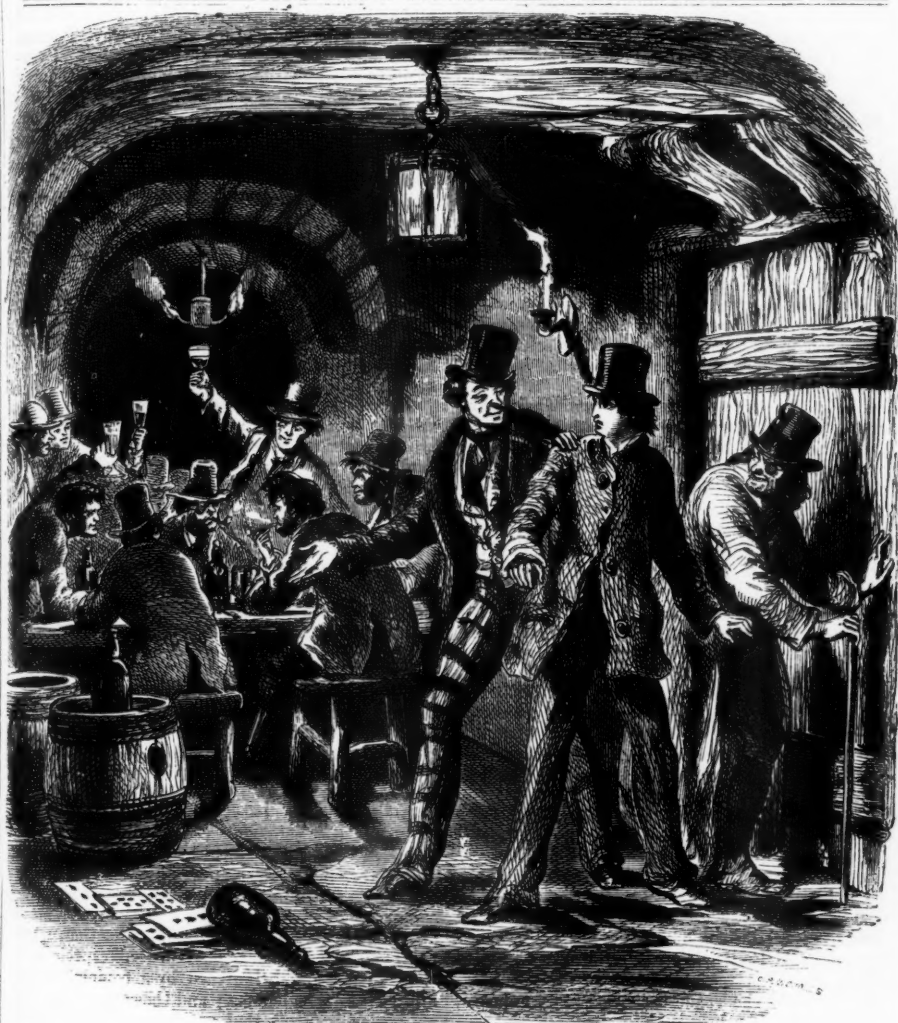
# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 273.]

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1857.

[Price 1d.]



ROLAND FINDS HIMSELF BETRAYED INTO DEBANCE COMPANY.

## ROLAND LEIGH; OR, THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

CHAPTER XXV.—I INVEST MY FRESH SAVINGS—AND LOSE THEM.

I NEED not disguise from my readers that my No. 273, 1857.

evening studies in poor Grey's work-room were not so absorbing that I did not sometimes turn my thoughts to his absent daughter; and on one occasion, not long after our intercourse commenced, I ventured to ask him certain questions about Fanny.

His replies were not very satisfactory; and, indeed, he seemed irritated at the mention of her name. She was an undutiful, unnatural child, he said. She had forsaken him—run away, indeed—when he was in great distress, and had taken up with some of her relations who lived in the country, although she knew that there was a long-standing quarrel between them and himself; and, in short, he did not want to hear her name mentioned again, if it was all the same to me.

I might have replied that it was *not* all the same to me, and that, moreover, I could not credit his version of the story; but as I knew that I had no business to force an unpleasant subject upon him, I held my peace. I did not, however, at that time think the less often of Fanny Grey, and longed to have it in my power to vindicate her character. But gradually her image faded from my mind; and though I still retained the little purse and its precious contents very near my heart, I learned to smile at the romantic boyish fancy which had found such an abiding-place for it; but as I had kept it there so long, I would still, I thought, keep it there—

Well, it does not exactly matter what I thought. I soon had other affairs to engross my attention. Meanwhile, in my spare minutes by day, as well as during the two hours of evening pupilage, I was deep in the contemplation of declensions and conjugations, moods and tenses, and other branches of knowledge.

And thus—with my daily occupations, in summer's heat and winter's cold, through rain and sunshine on one hand, my pursuit of knowledge under difficulties on the other, a rough and profane and ignorant but not altogether unkindly world around me, and a heavenly Father and Friend above all—these two years of my existence passed away. I may have been, at the end of this term, somewhere about sixteen or seventeen years old. I was tall and strong for my age, and, having begun to take some pains with my person, both in regard to cleanliness and decent habiliments, I might have passed for something more than a "City Arab." With increasing strength, too, I was able to earn more money, and my secret capital gradually accumulated on my hands, so that I began to feel some of the inconveniences and anxieties of having more than I knew what to do with; and it may illustrate the kind of companionship into which I was daily cast, when I say that I knew no one with whom I felt that I could safely trust either my secret or my money. Alas! I lived in an atmosphere of suspicion.

At last, what struck me as a happy thought came into my mind. The bookseller, of whom I had purchased my Bible and one or two other books needful for my advancing learning—a person who sold Bibles, I fancied, would not wish to cheat—would perhaps take care of my money for me. I made the request, showed him my hoard, and informed him how it had been obtained.

"How much have you?" he asked.

I told him this also, and he counted the money. It was something over five pounds.

"Are you sure that all this was honestly come by?" he asked, fixing his eyes keenly upon me.

"Quite sure," I said, not at all angry with him for asking such a question. I had expected it.

Well, yes then, he would take care of my money if I wished. It would be as safe in his hands as mine, certainly; but he wondered that such a steady, economical young man as he supposed I was, should be satisfied with such a desultory and not very reputable way of living as I had described. What a pity I did not get into some decent, respectable service.

It was strange, or perhaps it was not very strange—it shall be as the reader pleases—that this same thought had crossed my own mind very often of late. I was *not* satisfied with my way of life, and I would have been glad of some friend who would point out to me a better way. Perhaps I had found that friend in this bookseller. I ventured to ask him if he could help me in the way he suggested.

He shrugged his shoulders. It was quite out of his way, he said, and, unless I could bring written testimonials from persons of character and respectability, he was afraid—

Persons of character and respectability! and I a "City Arab," without even a home! How absurd!

Ah! well, it didn't signify, I said. I thought perhaps he could have helped me; but if he couldn't, I was none the worse off, perhaps. So we parted on good terms, and Mr. L— (the bookseller, I mean) gave me a written acknowledgment for the money I had placed in his hands, and I put it in Fanny's little purse.

A few weeks after this, I passed by the bookseller's shop, and to my astonishment perceived that its business was closed; while a printed bill in the empty window informed me that Mr. L— was a bankrupt, and that on a certain day a sale by auction of his stock in trade was to take place for the benefit of his creditors. I do not know what benefit the rest of Mr. L—'s creditors ever received from the sale; I only know that none ever descended to me; and thus, for the second time, I was dragged back to my original poverty.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### AN ADVENTURE.

I HAVE referred to two incidents in this part of my history which exercised an influence over my future life. Perhaps I should more correctly have said three, although the event I am about to describe was properly only a continuation of the first—a second link in a chain of circumstances.

One evening I had parted from my poor drunken tutor, and was returning to my stable-loft, when my progress was obstructed by a crowd, which had gathered round a man who was reciting the "true and full particulars" of a dreadful murder, recently committed. There is nothing, unhappily, more attractive to a London street audience than what the patterers call "a good murder," especially if accompanied and heightened by a copious sprinkling of terrific horrors; and there is no species of popular literature that commands a quicker and more profitable sale. I was not surprised, therefore, that at every half-dozen sentences, or at shorter intervals, the hawkers had to pause while exchanging his broad-sheets for the halfpence of his numerous customers; after which transaction he invariably cried out, "Sold agin, and got the money!" before he resumed his harangue.

It was not curiosity to learn about the murder, however, that induced me to pause and listen. In the cracked tones of the pattering I recognised those of the old man whose acquaintance I had first made at Whiskers' Rents, and which was afterwards revived in the oakum-picking room at the prison. And with this recognition came thoughts of Peggy Magrath. Perhaps, in his wanderings since we last parted, the old man had come across her track. At any rate, I was resolved not to throw away the chance of recovering my poor lost nurse, for whom my heart still beat with strong affection.

It was evening, as I have said, and the street was lighted up in the dim manner in which even the best and busiest London thoroughfares were illuminated in those times; and I felt secure from discovery until I should choose to reveal myself. But in this I was mistaken; for while I stood at the outermost edge of the circle of gaping listeners, a carriage was driven through the street, preceded by links, the crowd separated, and the old man was compelled to step from the crown of the causeway to the curbstone of the pavement, close by where I stood. At the same moment the glare of the links fell full on us both, revealing me to the eyes of the erst ballad-singer.

"Why," exclaimed he in astonishment, "if this beant the most lucky hit as I has made this many a day. Why, Roley, if I hasn't bin a looking for you, 'igh and low, backards and forrards—"

"What do you want with me?" said I, cutting him short.

"There's somebody as you knows," he replied, in a mysterious whisper, "as wants to clap their eyes on you most precious."

"Ha! Mrs. Magrath? It must be. Where—where?"

The old man gave me a cunning look of intelligence, and winked his bleared and watery eyes, as he nodded what I took for granted to be an affirmative to my question.

"Where," I repeated, "is she? Poor Peggy, I'll go to her at once."

"Fair and softly," said the old man. "I reckon you will be out of your reckoning if you goes without me; and you see, I've got all these to sell afore I can stir my stumps;" and he held out his sheaf of broadsheets.

"I'll pay you for them all," I said, impatiently; and I put my day's earnings into his hand, and relieved him of his flimsy wares, which I tossed into the middle of the crowd. "There!" I added, "now that is done, and let us lose no more time."

"Well," said he, counting the money I had given him, "if you beant a plucky young feller!"

"Never mind," I said; "show me where I can find poor Peggy, and I'll make it a good day's work for you;" and, retaining my hold on the old man's arm, which I had grasped in my feverish anxiety and impatience, I extricated him from the crowd, who were staring with amazement at my proceedings.

"Don't hurry an old feller so," said he, panting, and, as I remembered afterwards, silently laughing at the same time, while with difficulty he kept up with me: "I beant so young as I was once, Roley, and my bellers (bellows) be got shakely."

I felt the force of the poor old man's remonstrance, and slackened my pace, taking care, however, to keep close by his side.

"Where is she?" I once more asked, but could get no other reply than that "every time the ship [sheep] blates [bleats] it loses a nibble;" which I was fain to interpret to mean that my old acquaintance could not walk and talk at the same instant; so we went on in silence.

I thought I was acquainted with most of the by-ways as well as the high-ways of London; and, indeed, for some time, I was familiar with the streets and lanes through which my guide was conducting me. But after half an hour's devious wanderings, I began to lose my course, and became bewildered in a maze of obscure passages, rendered doubly dark by the increasing gloom of night, and a thick watery mist which mingled with the polluted atmosphere.

"We are close upon the river," I said, stopping short.

"You have found that out, have you?" said the old man; "but what's the odds?" he wanted to know.

"I must know more about it before I go any farther," I said: "I don't want any press-gang work."

It was not without reason that I came to a sudden stand, and almost turned and fled, as those who know anything of the infamous practices of crimps and kidnappers and the brutality of press-gangs, in those and later times, will well understand. My aged guide understood me also, and again he laughed cunningly. "Onner bright," he said; "you need not be afraid, Roley: hawks doesn't pick out hawks's eyes."

"That may be," I said; "but for all that, I don't go any farther with you till I know—"

"You give old Peggy up then?" said he with a sneer.

"No, I will not do that either," I replied, with a sudden accession of resolution. "Lead on, and I will follow."

How long I should have maintained my courage I cannot tell, for the dark, narrow, and filthy passages and courts through which the old man conducted me, and which surpassed even Whiskers' Rents in wretchedness, began once more to awaken my suspicion of intended foul play. We had now arrived at a narrow street abutting upon the river, and just as I had determined once more to question my guide, he exclaimed, "Here we are at last;" and, gliding up a small entry, he tapped gently and in a peculiar manner at a low door, which was not opened to him until an interchange of signals assured those within that the visitor was privileged to enter.

"Keep close to me, Roley," whispered the ballad-singer, or whatever else he might be; and I obeyed mechanically. Retreat now, indeed, would have been, if not impossible, more dangerous than advance.

"You are late to-night," said the man who officiated as door-keeper, in a low tone; and then for the first time perceiving me, he added, in a still lower tone, the words of which escaped my ears, what appeared to be an angry and quick interrogation. The reply, which was given in an equally guarded tone, seemed to be satisfactory;

and, on our being admitted, the door was carefully closed and fastened, and we were in darkness.

To my guide, however, this seemed no inconvenience. Grasping me rather tightly by the arm, he proceeded steadily along what was distinctly enough a long, narrow, irregular, and crooked passage, cautioning me of impediments which lay in our unseen course.

"Five steps down, Roley, and a wall right afore us—turn sharp round to the right, lad. Keep close to the wall, this side, Roley, or down you goes, and is bait for eels afore to-morrow morning."

I could easily understand this; for as we cautiously passed what must have been a yawning gulf in the passage, leaving a narrow causeway of about two feet, as near as I could judge, between it and the slimy wall, a strong gust of air ascended, bringing with it a sickening effluvium of sewerage and mud, while the dashing and rolling of water also struck upon my ears from the depths below. We were manifestly passing over a creek of the river, on which the house into which we had been admitted must have been built.

"Up we goes agin, Roley—three steps, and a broken one at the top. Stoop now, stoop; bring yer nose to yer knees a'most, if ye don't want to let daylight into yer brains, Roley; count twelve steps, and up agin."

Silently I followed the directions I received, for I felt that then I was in his hands, and that questioning and remonstrance would be alike in vain. In truth, after the first surprise was over, I felt less apprehension than might be imagined. Remember that I had not cast off even the slough, much less the experiences of my vagabond life; and though I did not place unlimited reliance on my old guide's assurance that "hawks would not pick out hawks's eyes," I was conscious of not presenting any strong inducement for plunder, especially having so recently lost my two years' savings. The greater probability of danger was that to which I have already referred, namely, of having been inveigled to that lonely and mysterious spot as a preliminary to being sold to kidnappers, or betrayed to a press-gang. But, on reflection, I dismissed this fear, and reverted to the probability that the old man was acting towards me in good faith, and that his sole intention was to bring me and my old nurse together.

I trust my readers will believe that I did not forget at this time that I had a heavenly Protector, who was able to deliver me from snares and dangers, if any were laid for me; and to whom my heart was lifted up for help in this time of need.

At length, after many turnings, we came to a full stop, and sounds of many voices, in eager conversation, mingled with laughter, fell upon my ear, at first faintly and afterwards more forcibly, and, as it seemed, from the ground beneath our feet.

"This way," said my guide, once more putting himself in motion; "ten steps down, steepish, Roley: don't fall on yer precious nose."

"Stop," said I, my apprehensions once more getting uppermost; "I have come with you blind-fold long enough, and I will not go a step further till you tell me what you mean, and where you are taking me."

"I reckon," he replied, unmoved, "that you

have come a'most too far to cut it short now. Long enough! ay, and too long if you beant conformable, Roley. As to where I am taking you, wait till you sees them as sent me to look out for you, and they'll tell you fast enough. I thought as how you wanted to see old Peggy," he added, finding that I still held back.

"Very well," I said; "go and fetch Mrs. Magrath here: bring a light, and I shall know then that you mean honestly by me."

"No, no," said he; "that's agin all rules."

"Then I intend to return by the way I came," said I.

"Do you, though?" demanded a strangely familiar voice, close by my ears; and at the same moment I felt a stronger grasp than that of the old man, laid on my disengaged arm. "On with him, old Pinetar, and we'll see what he's made of," and at the same moment I felt myself irresistibly impelled down the steep stone steps, the din from below increasing as we descended: then a door was thrown open, and by the light of a blazing fire and some half-dozen guttering candles, stuck into tin sconces on the damp walls, I found myself in the presence of a large party of roysterers seated at a long table spread with provisions, the steam and pleasant odours of which filled the large vaulted chamber into which I was thus unceremoniously introduced.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

I FIND MYSELF IN VERY EQUIVOCAL SOCIETY, AND CANNOT GET AWAY.

It was not difficult for me to understand or conjecture into what kind of company I had been deceitfully drawn. I knew that there were at that time, as there are now, secret places of rendezvous, to which professed mendicants resorted at night, to squander in luxury and sensual excess the ill-gotten gains of their miserable trade. This, my Whiskers' Rents education had taught me. It had taught me more than this. I had, at least, heard of other retreats, more jealously guarded, into which only proficient in crime were admitted; and it needed scarcely more than a glance at the countenances of the crew by whom I was surrounded, to ripen into certainty the suspicion that I had been betrayed by my treacherous old guide, and to raise in my mind a strong desire to escape.

Probably, he read this in my countenance, for before I could utter a word of remonstrance, he closed the door by which we had entered; while his accomplice, who still held my arm, whispered in my ear: "There's no use in trying it on, Roley; you can't do it, you see; and you had best hold your tongue till you are spoken to."

I turned to the speaker, and encountered the coarse and repulsive features of Sloppy Stevens.

My readers will remember that nearly two years had elapsed since my last interview with my boyhood's tormentor; and they will believe that his unexpected appearance gave me little relief now. There was, indeed, a gleam of malignant satisfaction on his countenance, which augured ill for my personal safety, though why I had been thus entrapped was not easy to conjecture. Self-possession, however, did not entirely forsake me.

"You told me," I said, addressing the old pat-terer, "that I should find Mrs. Magrath——"



"Is it poor ould Peggy ye're wishing to converse wid?" interposed Sloppy Stevens, in a mocking, mirthful tone, mimicking the well-remembered dialect of my poor old nurse.

"I told you nothink of the sort, Roley," added the old man. "Didn't I tell you, now, that there was somebody as wanted to see you most precious?" and didn't you come along with me, talking as if I meant old Peggy, when I hadn't made mention of her name, Roley?"

This was very true; and probably my own eagerness in jumping at a conclusion had accelerated my doom, whatever that might be.

Until now, my involuntary intrusion had not been observed; and amidst the clamour of voices, and the clatter of eating and drinking utensils and vessels, I might yet have remained unnoticed, but for a desperate effort I made to escape from the hands of my two Whiskers' Rents acquaintance, which drew upon me the sharp scrutinizing glance of a man near the door, who cried out, "A spy! a spy!" and whose sudden exclamation caused an equally sudden cessation from the business of the table, and an ominous silence, in the midst of which I was hurried to the upper end of the vault, and presented to the president of the feast, in whom I recognised the stranger who, two years before, had commended me for my industry and honesty, and given me five shillings, in Smithfield market.

"No spy, no spy!" said he, starting from his seat, and compelling me to sit by his side.

"It is all right, if the Captain answers for him," said a voice from the farther end of the table; "but, howsoever, it isn't regular——"

"Gentlemen," said my new protector, haughtily, "I am not accustomed——"

"Hear him! hear, hear!" shouted two or three voices, as a loud muttering arose from different parts of the table, in which the words "regular" and "order" were the most prominent.

"Gentlemen," resumed the president, "I am not accustomed—that is, I am not partial to being brought to the bar——"

"Hear! hear!" once more was shouted, amidst much laughter from the company.

"—to the bar," he repeated, "of even your superior and acute judgments. At a fitting time, and in a more regular manner, I shall be happy to introduce to you the young gentleman who honours us this evening with his presence; at this time, I have only to say that I shall presently propose his health, and that we inaugurate his admission into our——"

"Club," suggested one of the company.

I will not prolong this description of a scene which I have sufficient reason to remember. Let me only add that, confounded as I was by the events of that evening, and startled with the evident peril into which I had been drawn, I made a feeble effort to win the ear of the stranger who had vindicated me from the character of a spy, so as to induce him to favour my retreat. But I had scarcely uttered a word before he whispered to me, sternly, to be silent as I valued my safety.

I obeyed, for prudence told me that the advice was not to be despised. I even joined, though sparingly, in the rich and abundant supper that

graced the board, and drank a small glassful of wine, offered me by the mysterious stranger. Of what followed, I have a painful and confused remembrance; for I found afterwards that the wine was drugged. I was conscious, however, that the supper was but the prelude to more serious business; and I heard, though almost without the power of comprehension, the details of recent exploits, and plans laid for future operations. I saw—but I willingly spare my readers the recital of what passed before my disordered senses on that wretched evening.

At length, as I partially remember, the vaulted chamber was gradually deserted by the guests, until only the stranger, Sloppy Stevens, and my treacherous guide, remained. I remember, also, making a feeble attempt to reach the door, and feeling myself prostrated, as with a touch. I know that I tried to implore those in whose power I was, to release me; to tell me why I had been thus introduced into their secret counsels; but I believe that the words were unspoken, for a heavy weight seemed to hang upon my lips, and my tongue refused to obey my will. I think, too, that I furnished matter of mirth to Sloppy Stevens, by the impotency of every effort I made; and that gradually I sunk again into a deadly torpor, from which I was only partially aroused by feeling myself conveyed unresistingly into the cooler air of the passage above.

I remember more distinctly, and at times even now with terror, the fearful sensation which overpowered, for the time, the deathlike effects of the drug I had unconsciously swallowed, when, on reaching the yawning chasm of which I have spoken in the previous chapter, I witnessed, by the dim light carried by my guide, that preparations were made for lowering me into the black and horrible gulf below. I remember that I struggled with the agony of despair and begged for mercy; and that only a mocking laugh was returned. I remember how I gradually descended lower and lower, until I reached—not the dark surface of the water which was rolling sullenly beneath—but the firm substance of a boat; and how, when I again recovered some degree of consciousness, I looked upwards and around, and saw that the stars were shining brightly above me, and that the stranger was rapidly skulling the boat up the river. And then, once more, my wavering senses sank into the oblivion of sleep.

### THE MONKEY GOD OF INDIA.

It would be difficult to describe to any person of delicacy and refined feeling the monstrous abominations of heathenism, without shocking their minds. Indian idolatry revels in the wildest and most absurd errors which can enter the imagination of man. I have seen temples dedicated to cats, which have been elaborately carved with figures in stone of these animals, in every variety of attitude, and remarkably well executed. Some villages worship peacocks, and others geese; the bull is everywhere sacred, and is not allowed to be slaughtered, though it is often most inhumanly treated by its worshippers, when employed as a beast of burden. No true Hindoo will eat onions or turnips, because these are sacred emblems;

carrots and garlic, however, may be eaten, as they are not accounted holy. A species of monkey is also considered particularly sacred, and is worshipped as one of the principal divinities.

One day my gardener, an old man, who on most occasions showed much good sense, asked of me leave of absence that he might purchase a new idol, the old one having become shabby.

"Brother," said I to him, "would it not suit your purpose better to worship a living monkey, made by the Creator of all things, rather than its likeness, formed of clay, or stone, by a poor man no better than yourself? In what way this image can become a god, I do not understand, nor why you should worship monkeys at all."

I knew him to be a follower of Hunoomaun, the monkey god, from the mark which he bore on his forehead. The distinctive emblem of the god they worship is put on their faces by these poor Hindoos, after acts of devotion.

The old man replied: "I am not able to say how this image is a god. There are many things which even the English, wise as they are, and well skilled in magic, cannot understand. Whence comes the wind? and where does the flame go when the lamp is extinguished? We none of us know. Hunoomaun is the deity that all my people worship; and as they taught me when I was a child, so I do now. You will tell me, as the missionary does, of other gods. I have heard him; what he says is true for you, but not for me."

It would be superfluous to recapitulate the dialogue that took place between us. I shall only relate the legend on which the worship of the monkey god is founded, forming, as it does, an episode interwoven with the history of other heathen deities. Let our readers have patience with it, and not be startled by its absurdities. It is a specimen, they must remember, of what more than a hundred million of our fellow subjects receive as religious instruction.

There was, so runs the legend, a hideous giantess once living in Central India; she was called Soorpa Nukkee, from the immense size of her nails, which resembled the sieves used for winnowing rice. This ugly creature fell in love with one of the handsomest deities of the time, Lukshmun, and sent him an offer of marriage. The proposal was rejected with scorn by the other party, and he made some contemptuous remarks on the personal appearance of the giantess. The enraged lady had a brother named Ravana, a gigantic demon, to whom she complained of the insult she had received, and they both resolved to revenge themselves on the family.

Lukshmun, with his brother Ram, and Seeta, the wife of the latter, were living together very happily in a wood. As the giant and giantess, therefore, wished to draw them from their retreat, into which they could not intrude, they sent an enchanted deer to tempt them forth. The brothers seized their bows and arrows, and resolved to hunt this animal; but before leaving home they drew a magic circle on the ground at the mouth of the cave where they resided. Seeta was informed by her husband that while she remained at home she was in perfect safety, and was urged not to allow any allurements or entreaties to entice her over the threshold of her dwelling. They left her with

an abundance of fruit which they had gathered, and promised a speedy return.

For a time Seeta amused herself within the cave; she heard dreadful noises, but these only induced her to retire further into the recesses of the cave. After a while travellers passed by, and pretended messengers from her husband called to her; but she refused to accompany them, or to leave the cave. At last a religious mendicant approached, beseeching her, in most moving terms, to bestow some food on him. She threw him some fruit, but he obstinately refused to take it except from her hands: to reach it, she stepped only one foot over the magic circle, when the beggar changed into another shape and dragged her away.

In the meanwhile, the two brothers followed the deer over mountains and valleys, as it flew before them with miraculous swiftness. One of the brothers at last drew his bow, and with his arrow wounded the animal, which uttered human cries, and changed into its real form. The brothers now perceived the error into which they had been betrayed; but it was too late to return to Seeta, for they were surrounded by hosts of foes.

Seeta, in the meantime, had been carried off to the giant Ravana, whom she beheld with horror. As she sat beside a well, weeping for her husband, her scalding tears fell into it, and it has ever since been a hot spring, which is named after her. The giant was obliged to leave her in order to fight with the two brothers; he therefore sent Seeta to his stronghold, a high tower in Ceylon. The brothers were assisted in the contest by an army of monkeys, headed by Hunoomaun, the deity whom, I may observe, my gardener worshipped. The battle raged fiercely, for the one party used rockets, and all sorts of fire-works, by which Hunoomaun's tail was set on fire. In his agony he jumped over to Ceylon, and in consequence the capital was burnt down. Here he found Seeta imprisoned in the tower, and asked her assistance to quench his fiery tail. She told him to turn it up to his mouth and spit on it; he did so, and extinguished the flame; but to his great disfigurement he burned his face black at the same time. As he lamented over his misfortune, and exclaimed that now all the monkeys would laugh at him, and turn him into ridicule, Seeta, to console him, engaged that henceforward all his tribe should have black faces. The army of monkeys, led by the two brothers, eventually defeated their opponents; Seeta was rescued, and the giant and giantess were destroyed.

Such is the outline of one of the most innocent of the Hindoo legends. What think our readers, after perusing it, of the religious condition of the Hindoos, and of their claims upon us for evangelization? Surely the most indifferent of them must say that it behoves us as a Christian nation to use every effort to dispel such gross darkness.

The only reason given for the deification of Hunoomaun, the monkey god of India, is the assistance he rendered to the other gods in their war with the demons. In many native regiments large sums are expended by the soldiers in a sort of dramatic representation of the legend we have just given; the three principal deities are personi-

fied by young boys, sons of the soldiers, and generally of a high tribe. They are richly dressed, and covered with valuable jewels, and perform their parts with much spirit. It is said—with what truth I know not—that, in former days, the lads who played the principal parts never survived the festival, poison, on the last day of it, being administered to them in gilded sweetmeats. Having once personified gods, it was considered sacrilegious that they should be degraded to the condition of mere mortals. The parents of the boys comforted themselves with the certainty of their souls being absorbed into the deity! The monkey, which is so important a personage in this legend, is very common throughout India and the islands of the Indian Archipelago; its colour is grayish white, the face, feet, and hands being black; it is of a large size when full grown, and one of the most violent and mischievous of the monkey tribe.



DIOGENES IN HIS TUB.

#### FRIEND ALUMINIUM'S FAMILY CIRCLE.

WHEN an interesting stranger has come in our way, and we have been pleased with him—when we have numbered him amongst our acquaintances, and said to him on parting, "Stranger, let it not be long before we see you this way again"—we generally try, when we have opportunity, to discover who are his friends and what are his "belongings." I did myself the honour to be master of the ceremonies on behalf of Friend Aluminium a while ago, and introduced him to the pages of the "Leisure Hour."\* That he is a stranger of polished mien I am sure my readers will own, if they did but mark him well. Then, unlike certain polished strangers, who take an ell if you do but give them an inch, Friend Aluminium, though so brilliant and polished, so fascinating and so useful withal, is retiring and unobtrusive. Five thousand eight hundred and thirty-two years sped away before he had been seen. Yet, concealed in modest guise, he was with our first parents in Eden; and the thronging children of Eve, as thousands of years rolled on, trampled him under-foot. Spurned and down-trodden thus from his earliest days, the race of Adam would have been in sorry plight but for the good offices of Aluminium. Without our interesting friend, not one brick of the tower of Babel could have been reared; and London, the modern Babylon, must have been built of wood or stone. Without Friend Aluminium not one potter could have practised his art, and the porcelain treasures of Dresden, Sevres, China, and Japan, must have remained unformed. Nay, poor Diogenes, had it not been for Aluminium, could not have enjoyed his humble dwelling-place—the "pithos"—which we moderns falsely call a tub, though it was in reality a very large pickle jar. I state this on the authority of M. Brongniart, from whose work the following sketch of Diogenes in his tub has been copied.

The family connections of Friend Aluminium are very numerous. They are distributed throughout

all regions. The queenly ruby and the emerald are both near relatives of Aluminium, and so are porcelain cups and saucers, clay tobacco pipes, bricks, and tiles. Even the brown penny ink-bottle now before me claims near relationship to the interesting stranger. If Aluminium has some poor relations, he has a still greater number of rich and distinguished ones. He decks the banner staves of the French Imperial eagles; he glitters on the warrior's breast as a medal; he is cherished in the philosopher's museum; yet so modest and retiring is he withal, that not till 1828 could he be made to come forth from his seclusion and show himself to the world. Nay, even then he did not put forth all his glories, but merely appeared under the humble guise of a dull black powder.

Some of the family connections of Aluminium I purpose describing in this paper; but my remarks will be more especially directed to what learned people term ceramic ware, and unlearned people call brick ware and crockery. If any reader do not understand the precise relationship Aluminium bears to clay, he had better turn to my previous article on the subject, wherein the genealogy of clay is duly set forth; this done, he may follow me in the remarks I shall offer on clay more generally. Clay ware! that is a comprehensive term. Brown pitchers, pickle pots, and bricks are all clay ware; so are common tobacco-pipes and Staffordshire tea-services; so, too, are the beautiful porcelain specimens of China, Sevres, Dresden, and Berlin.

If a lump of the metal aluminium be produced, and caused to rust (the rusting is not accomplished easily), the rust will not be red, like that of iron, but white. This white rust would, in point of fact, be pure clay—purer than any clay ever found or to be found in nature; for natural clay always contains plenty of silicious or flinty matter, and is frequently coloured red by the presence of iron rust, to say nothing of other impurities. The chemical name for the white rust of aluminium is *alumina*; and alumina is the basis of all the various kinds of pottery and porcelain which exist, or have ever existed. Alumina, when quite pure, is amongst the most infusible of substances; but if mixed in due proportions with flint, lime, iron-

\* See article in the "Leisure Hour," No. 226, on the new metal Aluminium—in which, it will be remembered, it was explained that this production was extractible from common clay.

rust, borax, and one or more of several other bodies, and heat be subsequently applied, the process of fusion begins. If the fusion remain incomplete, we obtain some variety of clay ware; if, however, the fusion be perfect, then we have a variety of glass.

It so happens that all natural clays, by reason of their compound nature—holding as they do silica, or the matter of flint, perhaps too lime, and yet other bodies—furnish a natural material out of which ceramic ware can be made. If clay be dried, pounded, sifted free from stones, mixed with water, and beat into an even paste, then fashioned into shape, and finally burned, the result is clay ware of some kind or other; but the quality or excellence of the ware will depend upon the nature and the proportions of the mixture of alumina and other bodies.

The manufacture of pottery is very ancient. We read of it in many portions of the Holy Scriptures; and from pictures, to be still seen in Egyptian mausoleums, we find that the potter's wheel of antiquity was similar, at least in principle, with the potter's wheel of to-day. As regards the na-



EGYPTIAN POTTER AT WORK.

ture and quality of this very ancient clay-ware, good testimony is available. Pottery fragments have been discovered in the ruins of Nineveh, Thebes, and Babylon, not to mention every part of the earth which has come under the sway of the Romans and the Greeks. It was red, and somewhat coarse. I may remark, too, that no ancient people knew the art of making perfectly white clay-ware except the Chinese, and perhaps the natives of Japan. If Chinese historical records are to be credited, the porcelain manufacture was known in the "flowery empire" a long period before "the Christian era." Little credit is due to them, however. It would be somewhat difficult for a Chinaman, restricted to his own native clay, to make brown crockery, seeing that a vast amount of Chinese clay is devoid of all colouring matter. To produce white crockery (I prefer this term), the potter requires a clay which, in the first place, is absolutely devoid of iron-rust. Secondly, he requires a clay made up of alumina, silica, lime, and

occasionally potash—all in the due proportions—for facilitating a slight amount of fusion when the clay-ware is kiln-burned. It so happens that the mixture of bodies necessary to the manufacture of white crockery rarely occurs in nature. In Europe, much of the white china-clay is made artificially, or, perhaps, *extracted* would be a preferable term. The material from which such clay is extracted, could little be expected to yield it—that material being no other than *granite*! The Chinese are more fortunate than we are in possessing vast natural deposits of two compounds—one termed "kaolin," the other "petunse:" the two mixed together constituting china-clay. Thus is furnished an explanation of the circumstance, that whilst the Chinese were manufacturing the beautiful variety of crockery or ceramic ware, to which the designation "china" is popularly applied, other nations, even polished Greece, and haughty Rome, were obliged to content themselves with less costly substitutes.

There are very few nations, civilized or savage, who are without some kind or other of crockery or ceramic ware. South-Sea Islanders, when first discovered, were seen to employ drinking-cups and cooking-vessels of burnt clay; and amongst the Aztecs and the Incas—natives of Mexico and Peru—the manufacture was brought to a considerable degree of perfection. But it is to the potters of ancient Greece, and more especially those of Samos and of Etruria, that we must look for the best specimens of red pottery-ware. The Grecian potters enjoyed the greatest celebrity as makers of vases and drinking-vessels. The Etruscan artists made beautiful vases too, but were especially celebrated for their *coffins*—a strange application it seems of the pottery craft.

The ancient potter, at the earliest dawn of his art, and indeed for a long time subsequently, was obliged to content himself with mere beauty of form, all ornamentation being totally beyond his capacity and resources. Subsequently, the method was discovered of painting vases, with either black figures on a red ground, or red figures on a black ground. All that could be accomplished by the limited resources of these two colours was achieved by the ancient Greeks. Some of their devices are very beautiful, and cause us at first to regret that their repertory of available pigments had not been greater. Nevertheless, the ancient vase-painters do not seem to have been held in any esteem. No ancient author mentions their names; so that, had it not been for the impressions of the words "Taleides," "Anteas," "Lasimos," and "Calliphon" on the still plastic clay, appended to a few explanatory words, we should not have known the name of one single vase-painter of antiquity.

Beyond the limited field of ornamentation to which reference has been made, the ancient potters could not go; for two sufficient reasons. In the first place, they had no other available colours; and, secondly, if Messrs. Taleides, Anteas, and Co. had possessed all the enamel colours of modern Sevres or Staffordshire, what would have been the use of them, in the absence of a white ground to work upon? Either the ancient potter must have worked originally with pure white clay, yielding pure white crockery, or he must have discovered a means of hiding the colour of ordinary earthen-



were under a superficial white glaze, otherwise the richest addition of colours would have been unavailable. The Chinese, we have seen, discovered a means of accomplishing the first; the latter expedient was, it has been thought, discovered by the Saracens. But there are many reasons for referring that discovery to a period of far higher antiquity. It is not a little strange, that with all their chemical knowledge, the moderns are unable to determine the nature of the black pigment used by the ancients; neither is it possible to affirm with certainty as to the stage of the manufacture when the figures were painted. To construct a red pottery vase equal in quality to the antique, and ornament it black and red, or red and black, should not seem a difficult matter to our modern pottery artists. Nevertheless, the experiment has been tried more than once, and the results have been unsuccessful. Even the late Mr. Wedgwood failed.

The admiration of the Greeks for painted vases began to decline soon after the conquests of Alexander had introduced from Asia the use of vessels of silver and gold; and the art of vase-painting, according to M. d'Hancarville, seems to have been totally lost about the period of the destruction of Corinth by L. Mummius (146 B.C.). Next followed the decline of the manufacture of unpainted vases. Towards the end of the reign of Trajan, the decline had become marked; and this branch of art finally ceased about the time of the Antonines and Septimus Severus. Pliny speaks of painted vases as having in his time an immense value, and as being no longer made, though the manufacture of unpainted vases was still carried on. He individualises sixteen celebrated potteries then at work—eight of them being in Italy, and six elsewhere. Even during the Empire, painted vases were eagerly sought, and purchased at an enormous rate, to be placed in museums as *antiques*, just as we place them in museums now, and for the same reason. It is a curious fact, and it speaks volumes for the scarcity of painted vases, that not one has hitherto been found in the ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii. According to Pliny, they were in his time even more valuable than the vases called "myrrhine," or murrhine, which latter, according to some people, were neither more nor less than real china vases, that had found their way to Rome. I much doubt the justice of that assumption. I believe, with Dr. Thompson, that the so-called myrrhine vases were made of Derbyshire spar. The descriptions of them perfectly agree with that supposition; they were not transparent, but merely translucent; they gave rise to a play of iridescent colours; they were formed, Pliny tells us, out of a kind of stone found in Parthia and Carmania, and were sufficiently soft to be abraded by the teeth. Except our Roman predecessors were furnished with teeth of file-like hardness, surely they could not have abraded the surface of a china cup with their incisors; and Pliny even tells us a tale about a certain consul, who grew so excited whilst engaged in drinking wine from a myrrhine vase, that he bit little pieces out of the latter; and, what is strange, the value of the cup was increased thereby; for, says Pliny, "there cannot be a truer sign of the genuine murrhinum."

Perhaps articles of real china were did find their way to Greece and Rome occasionally; but whatever arguments be adduced in favour of this assumption must, I think, be independent of the "myrrhine vases." Some years ago there were discovered at Thebes some curious little porcelain bottles, each having an inscription upon it, written in Chinese characters. The question now arises, How did the bottles get there? The inscription records being decyphered, referred the time of manufacture of the bottles to a period of high antiquity; and the authenticity of the bottles being established, the interesting question, whether communication did or did not subsist between China and Egypt at the period to which the date on the bottles referred, would receive a solution. For the gratification of all who are learned in the styles of Chinese calligraphy, I append a drawing of the bottles. Certain people, I am aware, have affirmed



CHINESE BOTTLES.

that the Chinese letters on these bottles are modern, and that the bottles were conveyed surreptitiously to Thebes by some modern rogue. And wherefore not? Who has not witnessed the little crooked-backed, rust-eaten, green-cheesy-looking household idols which every British traveller in Egypt feels himself impelled to purchase at a high rate, and bring home with him? A recent tourist did this, if I mistake not; and, on his arrival in England, was not a little quizzed by a British manufacturer for his credulity. "I export the gods of Egypt by the hundred-weight," was the unscrupulous manufacturer's assurance. "You might have had them of me at prime cost."

#### AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MOTHER OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It was a fine autumn day, says a celebrated French writer, when I had occasion, in the course of my wanderings, to pass through the town of Constance. I was informed that the château of Arenenberg, the residence of the Duchess of St. Lece, the ex-Queen Hortense, was situated only half a league distant from this ancient city. I felt desirous, therefore, to place my homage at the feet of this fallen sovereign, to see this queen—this graceful daughter of Josephine—this sister of Prince Eugene—this once sparkling jewel of Napoleon's crown. I had often heard Queen Hortense spoken of in my youth as a sort of good fairy, very gracious and very beautiful. I had been told of the young maidens she had dowered, the mothers whose sons she had bought off after con-

scription, and the condemned culprits whose pardon she had obtained. Added to all this, I still retained a vivid recollection of both the words and the air of various songs composed by her, and which my sister used to sing to me in my boyhood. In those happy days, the idea of a queen who both composed and sung, was sufficient to transport her in my imagination into fairy regions.

I resolved, therefore, to gratify my long-cherished desire of becoming acquainted with the ex-Queen; and, though it was too early in the morning to present myself in person at the château, I left my card at the door, and then, springing into a boat, took a row on the lake to an adjacent island. On returning, after this brief excursion, to my temporary home, I found awaiting me an invitation to dinner from Madame de St. Lece.

The château of Arenenberg wears by no means the aspect of a royal residence; it is simply a pleasant looking home, such as might belong to any private gentleman of wealth. The emotion which I felt on approaching its precincts did not therefore arise from external circumstances, but from the thoughts which filled my mind and stirred all the deeper feelings of my heart. I proceeded slowly on my way, and more than once felt tempted to retrace my steps. I had an indistinct dread lest my illusion should be dispelled, and the dream of my early years should lose its enchantment. Suddenly, however, on entering a shady avenue, I perceived three ladies, accompanied by a young man, advancing towards me. Instinctively I recognised in one amongst them the ex-Queen Hortense, and hastened towards her. Little could she have divined the nature of the emotions which at that moment filled my breast—emotions of mingled respect, pity, and admiration. Had she been alone, I should have felt tempted to bend my knee before her. My countenance probably betrayed, in some degree, the conflicting feelings by which I was agitated, for, smiling sweetly, she held out her hand to me and said: "It is very good of you to come and visit a poor exile like me."

As she thus expressed her gratitude for the trifling mark of respect I had shown, I could not help mentally exclaiming: "In *this* instance, at least, the dreams of my youth have proved no deception; this tone of voice, this glance, exactly realize the ideal I had formed when thinking of the daughter of Josephine."

The Queen placed her arm in mine, and led me through the grounds. Time glided imperceptibly away, until at last she proposed to me to enter the château. In the drawing-room, the first object which arrested my attention was a magnificent portrait.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is a beautiful painting," rejoined Madame de St. Lece; "it represents Bonaparte at the Bridge of Lodi."

"It is painted by Gros, is it not?"

"Yes, it is his, copied from nature, and marvellously like."

I stood for some moments absorbed in thought, and when I suddenly started, roused from my reverie, I perceived the eyes of Madame de St. Lece fixed upon me with a smiling expression. She then rose, and asked me whether I should

like to accompany her, and she would show me her imperial reliquary. I was only too happy to accept the offer, and she conducted me towards a piece of furniture in the form of a book-case, fitted up with glass panes, and on each shelf of which were ranged different objects which had belonged to Josephine or to Napoleon.

First in order came a portfolio, marked with a J. and an N., and containing the familiar correspondence of the Emperor and Empress. Every letter was autograph, and many amongst them were written from the fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, or of Jena—hastily scribbled at the cannon mouth, and each containing tidings of victory.

Next followed the talisman of Charlemagne, and to this relic a singular history was attached. When the tomb in which the great monarch had lain buried for well nigh a thousand years was opened at Aix-la-Chapelle, his skeleton was found clad in his robes of state; the double crown of France and Germany rested on his fleshless brow; by his side, together with his pilgrim's purse, hung his good sword Joyeuse—the sword with which, as the monk of St. Denis relates, he felled in twain, at one stroke, a knight in full armour; his feet rested on the shield of massive gold given him by Pope Leo; and around his neck hung an amulet, which secured to him victory in war. This amulet consisted of what was said to be a piece of the true cross, sent to him by the Empress Irene. It was set in emeralds, and suspended by a chain of massive gold. The citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle presented this talisman to Napoleon when he made his entry into their town; and Napoleon, in 1811, one day playfully threw this chain around the neck of Queen Hortense, owing to her, at the same time, that he had worn it at the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, even as Charlemagne had done a thousand years before.

The next relics shown me by the Duchess were the belt worn by Napoleon in Egypt, the wedding ring he had himself placed on her mother's hand, and, last of all, the portrait of the King of Rome, embroidered by Marie Louise—a portrait on which the eyes of the dying conqueror had rested at the latest moment of his existence, and which had been fondly pressed to his expiring lips.

I asked to see the sword which Marchand had brought back from St. Helena, and which the Duke of Reichstadt had bequeathed to Prince Louis Napoleon; but this dying bequest had not yet been forwarded to the Queen, and she seemed to fear it might never reach her hands.

At this moment the dinner-bell rang.

"So soon!" I exclaimed.

"You shall visit my reliquary again to-morrow," she kindly replied.

When dinner was concluded we returned to the drawing-room, and in a few moments Madame Récamier was announced. This lady, too, was in her own way a queen—a queen of beauty and of intellect; and Madame de St. Lece received her as a sister. I have often heard Madame Récamier's age discussed. I only saw her, it is true, by candle light, dressed in black, and with a veil of the same colour falling over her neck and shoulders; but I should certainly not have sup-

posed her to be more than five-and-twenty, judging from the youthful freshness of her voice, the beauty of her eyes, and her exquisitely moulded hand. It struck me, therefore, as something singular to hear these two ladies converse together about the Directory and the Consulate, as of periods in which they had lived, and with the events of which they were familiar.

After some time, Madame de St. Lece was earnestly requested to take her place at the piano. She acceded to our wishes, and sung several airs which she had lately set to music.

"Might I venture to make *one* request?" I inquired.

"And what may your petition be?" rejoined the ex-Queen.

"That you would sing one of your *old* compositions."

"Which of them?" she inquired.

"You leave me to march to glory."

"That was one of the very first I ever wrote," she exclaimed; "it dates from 1809. How do you happen to remember it? You could scarcely have been born when it was in vogue."

"I was only five years and a half old; but my sister, who was some years older than myself, used to sing to me, and this was my favourite song."

"It is very unfortunate, then," replied the Duchess, "that the words have altogether passed from my memory."

"I remember them well, however," I rejoined; and rising from my seat, I stood behind her at the piano, and began to repeat to her the lines so familiar to my memory.

"My poor mother!" exclaimed Madame de St. Lece, with a deep sigh when I had finished the recital.

"It is a mournful recollection," I replied.

"Mournful indeed," said the Duchess. "It was in 1808, as you must be aware, that the rumours concerning a divorce began to circulate: they smote my poor mother to the heart; and, as the Emperor was on the point of setting out for Wagram, she requested M. de Segur to write a song on the subject of his departure. The Count brought her the lines you have just repeated; my mother asked me to set them to music; and I sang them to the Emperor on the evening preceding his departure. My poor mother!—I could almost fancy I see her still—anxiously watching the Emperor's care-worn countenance, and seeking to discover the impression made upon his mind by the words of this song, so admirably suited to the circumstances in which they both were placed at that moment. The Emperor listened attentively until the last note had ceased to vibrate; then, turning towards my mother, he said, in a tone which betrayed deep emotion: 'You are the best creature I have ever known;' and so saying, he hastened from the apartment. My mother burst into tears; and from that moment she felt that her fate was sealed. You can now readily understand what touching recollections are associated in my memory with this air, and how vividly it transports me back to bygone years."

"Pardon me," I exclaimed; "I ought not to have recalled it to your mind."

"On the contrary," replied Queen Hortense, as

she again seated herself at the piano, "so many other sorrows have passed over me since then, that I can recall those days without bitterness."

The ex-Queen then ran her fingers over the keys, and, after a plaintive prelude, sang the same touching words she had sung before Napoleon on that memorable occasion.

Thus ended my evening at Arenenberg; and it was with a heart filled with conflicting emotions that I quitted the presence of Hortense, the ex-Queen of Holland—the daughter of Josephine, and the mother of Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French.

## THE SKETCHER IN MANCHESTER.

### HERE AND THERE.

WE are roused from sleep soon after five in the morning, by the lumbering clang of heavy-laden hurries over the rough stones; and, seeing that though the ground is wet, no rain is falling, we turn out and betake ourselves to the streets. But few people are abroad, and the waggoners have the thoroughfares pretty much to themselves; and that is the reason, probably, why at an hour thus early they are wending in all directions with their heavy loadings. We have traversed a good part of the Oldham Road, and plunged into Ancoats, before the approach of six, and are in front of a mass of brick, counting eight stories in height, and numbering some two hundred and fifty windows in a single front, just as the gathering of the workers begins. The factory, which glares with its hundreds of eyes upon a dozen other factories within hailing distance, stands with its gates open, in the centre of a close net-work of narrow ways, composed of myriads of one-storied dwellings of brick, the abodes of the workers. Few of them have far to travel to their work; and it would seem that they are in no hurry to turn out until the moment to commence operations is impending, as but a few stragglers are visible at first; but as that climax approaches, and the warning bell begins to tinkle, out they swarm, like bees from the hives, and on they come, a mingled multitude of all ages and both sexes, clamouring with voice and clattering with clogs, that rain a perfect storm upon the stones. For several minutes the maw of the grim pile seems choked with the in-rushing mass, among whom there is no lack of spirits and animation, nor any evidence, so far as we can see, of discontent with their lot. What particularly strikes us, is the dwarfishness of stature and the pale countenances of the adult males, and the palpable effects of dissipation in the elder lads: the girls are better grown, and bear themselves with statelier air and gait; and more than once there trips past, with graceful step and dignified air, a face and a figure that in appropriate garb might do honour to a drawing-room. A full thousand of these punctual toilers, and perhaps a hundred or two in addition, does the grimy building swallow up while we stand looking on; and then, while yet a few stragglers come scampering forward out of breath, and that young mother who has been suckling her babe up to the last moment, plucks the nipple from its gums and

hands it squalling to an urchin of five years old to carry home, we hear the rising surge of the labouring ocean within; straps are put into gear, cranks creak, cylinders whirl, fifty thousand reels and bobbins begin whizzing at once, shuttles rattle, spindles sing, frames clatter and beams bang together, and from every open window and cranny of the huge building comes a deafening billow of sound, that swallows up all other sounds, just as the building itself swallowed up those who produce it.

The streets in early morning possess little that is attractive, especially in this part of the town, and we can but note the absence of that peripatetic class of tradesmen who, in London and most other large cities, people the paving-stones with life and interest. We miss the "hot rolls," the "water-creases," the bloater-man, and, as the day wears on, we miss nearly the whole of that supernumerary and rambling class, so characteristic of life in London streets. Where is the coster? where the flower seller? where the dealer in ducks and rabbits? and where are all their hawking and peddling congeners and co-operatives, who in other places get their living in the streets? So far as our experience goes, they are all represented in Manchester by a fat man, hung round from neck to heels with dog-collars—by the naked starving Irish boys, who hawk chips of wood—by the news-boys crying some Manchester newspapers—and by a certain itinerant hawker, who wants to sell us cigars or India silk handkerchiefs for any price we choose to give.

For much of interest on the paving-stones we look a little higher, and we discover that Manchester is the patron of the bill-sticker, and that the bill-sticker is a public benefactor. For you shall not travel far in any part of the town without coming upon a blot of desolation, in the shape of a hideous ruin, in the very heart of its magnificence, and sometimes contiguous to an architectural triumph. Sometimes it is the rotting gable-end of a deserted house; sometimes it is the gaping section of half a score houses that look as if they had been chopped through by the battle-axe of the Titans a century ago, and left forlorn ever since; and sometimes it is an old inn or tavern of the ancient days, where commercial travellers put up when the Highflyer trundled along the London road, and four-in-hand was a flourishing institution. But be it what it may, you shall find the said ruin shrouded in bill-stickers' bills, and articulate with valuable information on a variety of subjects, supposed to be of interest to the public. Now, this is a species of cryptogamia for which, as it serves two purposes—that of veiling ugliness from view, and that of conveying instruction—the public, we suppose, ought to be grateful.

After breakfast we find ourselves stemming the current of Market Street, amidst a din as deafening as that of Cheapside or the Strand; the noise differing from that of the London hubbub in that it is just as much louder as it is less rapid in intonation. As a whole, Manchester on wheels is a heavier and more lumbering machine than London on wheels: the waggons or luries make nothing of eight or ten tons; the omnibuses carry forty passengers, and are drawn by horses three abreast; and, the paving being far from perfect,

the bang and clang are all the louder. The shops are nearly all of a superior class, and in the best parts of the street the value of shop-frontage asserts itself with sufficient plainness. Not only are the blank spaces between windows, the door-posts, and sides of entrances, used as points of vantage for exhibition, but cellars are transformed into shops, and first-floors into sale-rooms, into which the public are invited to ascend. Then again we discover that everything which is not shop, or sale-room, or office, in the central city—if it be not dining-house, refectory, or refreshment-room of some kind—claims to rank under the denomination of warehouse. It would indeed be hardly a figure of speech to say that Manchester itself is a huge warehouse, so manifold and ubiquitous are these wholesale storehouses of goods.

But what is a warehouse in the acceptance of to-day? It is not easy to give a definition that would satisfy a Manchester man. A warehouse may consist of a dusty, rickety floor in a tumble-down house, or of a cellar below the street, crammed with fag-ends, shreds, and remnants, and rented at fifteen or twenty pounds a year, and dear at that; or it may consist of a mansion that would laugh to scorn the baronial residences of the nobility—strong as a feudal fortress, more artistically elegant than many royal palaces, and erected at a cost that would pay for the building of an average town of several hundred houses; or it may consist of anything between these two extremes. A visitor does not wander far through Manchester before he comes to the conclusion, which is the right one, that notwithstanding the merits of her institutions, the warehouses, after all, are the real public buildings of the city. They are gorgeous in architecture, rich in sculptured ornament, and so vast in height and dimensions, as completely to dwarf and eclipse every other class of edifice.

Let us look at the interior of one of these monster warehouses. The area on which it stands cannot be less than three hundred feet in length by half that measurement in depth, and the roof rises some eighty feet aloft. On entering at the street entrance, we perceive that the several stages, of which there are six in all, are lighted not only by numerous windows in the walls, but by a series of lanterns cut through each floor some two hundred square yards in area, and admitting the full blaze of day from a clear skylight in the roof. The entire building is in effect a series of inclosed quadrangles having their central areas roofed in with glass. The spaces between the lanterns are occupied by broad and noble staircases connecting the several floors or galleries. The area of each floor is fitted up with counters and show-boards adapted for the display of the description of goods to which they are appropriated.

Commencing our survey at the basement below the street level, we find that devoted to the reception, unpacking, and invoicing of the goods; their distribution to the several parts of the building for show and sale, and their repacking and extradiation when finally sold. The floor above, which we shall call the first, contains the heavier goods and coarser fabrics; the second is full of wares of a more finished kind; in the third we find the finest woollens, linens, and muslins which either the home or foreign manufacturers can pro-



duce; and ascending higher, we come upon the departments of silks, ribbons, velvets, laces, and the more delicate and ornamental productions of the needle and the loom. Two things especially strike the stranger in this vast magazine of material wealth; one is, the infinite variety in colour, form, texture, and design of the articles displayed, and the other is the apparently inexhaustible abundance of the products of every kind. We ought in justice to add a third incentive to astonishment—and that is the perfect order which prevails through every department; this, however, becomes less surprising when we look round and see the numbers of responsible heads and ready hands to whom the disposition and management of all this material is confided. The building is populous with a class of men with whom order and method are matters of instinct, and who know well enough that in their case nothing could be done without them—who act upon a rigid system in all their operations, and never deviate from it. The Manchester warehouseman, on the whole, leads a pleasant and reasonable life, if he chooses. Though he has responsibilities—for he may have fifty or a hundred thousand pounds worth of goods in his charge—he has peculiar privileges: he closes at six in the evening every day, and toils but half the day on Saturday; and he is not, like many of his London compeers, boarded on the premises, but walks or rides to his home in the suburbs when his labour is done.

Out of the warehouse, we are on, through a smart shower of rain, which spots one's shirt front with pale grey tears, to the entrance of a yarn-spinning factory. From the fresh-falling rain we proceed into the hot, fluffy, greasy atmosphere of steam and machine thunder, for the purpose of reading a short chapter on cotton-yarn and the spinners of it. We first see cotton in bags, whence it is fed by the fingers of a girl into the fangs of a pounding, thumping, tearing, scratching iron monster, which keeps pounding and thumping incessantly with a deafening din, in the company of half-a-dozen similar engines of the same habits, each trying to outroar it, and not trying in vain. Cotton gets out of this process considerably paler than it went in, and sweated in weight and substance, and leaving a peck or two of extraneous matter behind. Cotton, in tribulation again, is teased and torn this time by fifty millions of little steel points grappling and clawing at every fibre of it, and dragging it over cylinders and through dark holes and crannies, and laying all its fibres one way, and picking its innermost pockets of the smallest trifle it had saved up, till it hasn't so much as a particle of anything left that it can call its own. Cotton is dead beat and done up now, pale and white as a ghost, and resigned to let the furious iron furies do what they like with it, and have the game all to themselves. And don't they play a fine game with it? Don't they draw it over all manner of rollers, and wind it in snow-white cables on drums as big as your head? Don't they grind it through a mill, out of which it coils like an interminable meal of macaroni into a long tin pot a yard deep? Don't they turn it out of the pot before it has time to feel itself at home? and send it up and down and in and out and over and under, through the bowels of a chattering

engine, that clacks as though it had fifty throats, that won't let go of it by any manner or means, but claws it all into its maw, and makes sure of every fibre at length, by winding it upon a host of little rollers? Cotton is next seen, reeling as if frenzied—whiz, whiz, whiz! on a hundred and fifty merry-go-rounds, all of a row, and dancing and whirling off the reels on to a thousand bobbins at once, to the tune of "down the middle and up again," amidst the creaking and grinding and groaning and thrashing of iron cranks and rods and bars, and the buzz and clink of minor matters. Cotton is settled and done with at last, and deposited snug and comfortable, to be tormented no more, in the shape of yarn, to be packed for the home or foreign market, and sold at a price equal to five times the amount at which it was assigned to this, the scene of its sufferings.

So much for the raw material; but how as to that other material, the yarn spinner, who works hand in hand with the iron machines, and must keep step with them through the ten appointed hours? Well, really we are not disposed to tax the reader's compassion much on this score. The labour, in all its phases, is light; and if it is persistent and must go on, it is at the same time so purely mechanical, that the continuance is not burdensome, and, thanks to the Ten Hours' Act, it will cease punctually at the allotted hour. Of the workers before us, the larger proportion are females; and we can but note that among them all we could not select three faces to match the sallowness, jaundiced pallor of the males—a fact which is suggestive of some other cause than the nature of their occupation for the decline of manliness which is said to characterise the race. It is true they work in a heated, moist atmosphere; but the effect of that they in part counteract, by laying aside a portion of their clothing on commencing work, and resumng it when work is done. Their lot is the lot of the labourer, and there seems nothing in it to prevent a man of healthy ambition from rising out of it to a better condition in life.

Away from the factory now, to see about the agreeable business of dining. Dinner, they tell us, is a cheap commodity in Manchester; and so we find it. Chance conducts us to a gastronomic retreat, whence savoury odours are issuing, and where we are shown upstairs to a spacious saloon, occupied by fifty persons at least, in the act of dining, and communicating with another, apparently as well filled. Despatch is the order of the day; dinners, and good dinners too, considering the conditions, are ordered and served and eaten and paid for at the lady's desk below, and all within the space of twenty minutes or so. Time is valuable at this period in the day, and it is economised by system. Cost is also economised, and it would puzzle an ingenious grumbler to establish a valid complaint against the charges, looking to the excellence of the accommodation and the fare. It would seem that in this direction competition has done as much in Manchester as in any city in the kingdom.

We have a fancy after dinner to look at the river; but, finding the banks inaccessible, we are driven to one of the bridges as the only available point of view. The Irwell divides Manchester from the borough of Salford, and its banks are built on

up to the last inch on either side; and seeing that the stream is not quite so clear and cleanly as a stream of very bad ink would be, but seems to be a compound of ink thickened with mud, the inhabitants don't lose much by being debarred from promenading its margin. But see! there lies, moored to a mouldy strip of landing-pier, a barge-looking rusty steam-boat, of no shape nor symmetry, and of the precise hue of an old boot rotting among fungi in a damp cellar. The steam is up, and spitting off from the safety-valve, and heads of girls and lads are peeping out of the cabin windows, though how they got on board or found their way to the landing-pier is not so clear.

"Now, my lad, how are we to get on board that steamer below, that is just going to sail?"

"Through the public-house, sir—that's the door—mind the pail and mop—straight on; you can't go wrong."

Can't we? It is anything but a *facilis descensus*, however—dark as pitch, damp as washing-day, and smelling most disagreeably. We manage to reach the platform just as the boat is casting off. The passengers are not many, and are all of the working rank—lads and factory girls out for a holiday, though of what that is to consist, or where it is to be enjoyed, we know nothing at present. The view from the river, as we splash fussily along its surface, though its chief elements are dirt and darkness, is not wanting in picturesque features. The bridges are numerous—some spanning the stream in a single arch, others dipping their piers in the flood. The current has worn for itself a deep channel, and runs on at a level of some twenty feet beneath the banks. Here and there the soft sand-stone rock rises sheer from the water's edge; but its primitive colour is veiled by a thick scum of livid ooze, deposited by the exhalations from the river. Dead factory walls, their myriad eyes blinded with half a century's dust, blink dreamily down upon the black Lethe; jagged ends of buildings, forlorn stores, and abandoned warehouses, smashed into ruinous heaps, and gaping with cavernous empty chambers, rear their gashed faces and skeleton ribs to view; and lofty piles of solid masonry, throbbing with the iron pulse of steam, and populous with labouring hordes, pour out their volumes of vapour and surging sound to augment the reek and the roar of seething Salford; while of everything on its banks or on its surface the river is doggedly unconscious, and will no more play the mirror to anything, in sky above or on earth beneath, than will the mud of Manchester streets.

By degrees we leave these objects behind us, and glide on between wharves and brick-walls and patches of green field and towing-paths, and have to pick our way cautiously among a straggling fleet of flat-bottomed barges, loaded with bales of cotton. Then somebody comes round and demands twopence a head as the price of our passage, and in a few minutes later we have pulled up at the left bank at the river entrance of some gardens—admission, sixpence—for which an equivalent is returned in the shape of refreshment. The gardens are tolerably spacious, and are laid out with some taste and pretension. There are abundance of flowers, and some pleasant walks

We are not disposed, however, to linger here, where the company thickens as the afternoon wears on, but, mounting to the roof of an omnibus which we find drawn up outside, are willing to be taken wherever it may happen to be going. We start with very few passengers, but pick up a score of outsiders in the course of a few minutes. They do not stop the vehicle to get up, but run and mount the ladder behind, the driver merely slackening pace for their convenience: when he does stop, instead of pulling his team up short, he puts his foot on a pedal which applies a break to the wheels, and the machine stops itself. The horses thus escape the distressing muscular effort which kills so many of them in London, and live and work all the longer. The vehicle is in all respects more convenient than that of the London streets; it is wide enough to allow of the conductor walking up and down and collecting fares inside; and it has a fence rail in the roof, so that a man may mount without peril of his neck. In addition to all this, it costs the public from thirty to fifty per cent. less than the same convenience in London.

Our way lies in a direction nearly north, and leads once or twice across a stream which transcends even the Irwell in black filth and the odours of decomposition and rotteness. A wag on the roof informs us that it is the Medlock, and that, according to the map, it forms the boundary line between Manchester and Hulme and Chorlton, but that among those who know most about it, the last-named district is designated Frankfort-on-the-Odnur. We are glad to leave it behind under any name, and soon find ourselves plunging into the heart of the city once more; we do not stop until we have traversed Manchester from south-west to north-east for a distance of some three miles, and finally we alight far up the Oldham Road, not long after the general turn-out from the neighbouring factories. It is a fine August evening; the afternoon has been warm, almost sultry, and the factory workers, weary with their long day's labour, are now in prodigious numbers sitting at their doors and airing themselves in the cool of the declining day. The long narrow streets which run eastward from the Oldham Road, and those yet narrower which cross them at right angles, are swarming with men, women, and children, but especially children, in numbers astonishing to witness, and suggestive of ideas the reverse of agreeable. For it is impossible to conceive that a population so densely numerous can find, in the diminutive dwellings from which they emerge, and round which they are clustered, that amount of decent accommodation which they ought to have. It cannot be that the accommodation they should be anxious to obtain does not exist, for it is a fact that there are thousands of void dwellings in Manchester: it cannot be, either, that this accommodation is beyond their reach, for house-rent is comparatively cheap, their employment is constant, and their wages are good; it must be that too many of them want that decent regard and reverence for domestic proprieties and household seclusion which alone can render their homes a sanctuary, and are content to sacrifice domestic enjoyments for the sake of mere sensual gratifications.

We are loth to conclude this rambling paper

with a charge of so serious a nature against our hard-working friends; and had we no other foundation for it than our own hasty observations, we should blot it out at once. What we have observed, however, only goes to corroborate the information received from more authentic sources. We can only hope that the evil to which we point is coming to be rightly regarded by the working man; and we call upon all whom it may concern to aid in urging him to right views and right action in regard to his home and domestic relations.

We have wandered about in Ancoats till the sun has gone down and the lamps are twinkling along the streets. The big square factories loom black and heavy aloft, and throw back upon the ear the echoes of sounds borne afar off. Our temporary home lies in the direction the sounds come from; we shall construe them into an invitation to get back to a *tête-à-tête* with the hissing tea-urn, and finish our desultory ramble by accepting it.

#### SECRET FAULTS.

If secret faults are indulged, they will sooner or later break out like smothered fires, and the true character of the heart will be developed. Fires uncap a mountain because they have been long accumulating, and can be confined no longer. Streams that flow far under ground, somewhere, though far from the fountain, make their way to the surface. Disease that is long in the system, and that flows round and round in the blood, will at some time manifest itself; and so it is with the corruptions of the heart. They cannot always be concealed, and God designs that they shall not always be. It is well, under the divine administration, that the true state of the heart should be made manifest, and that it should be seen what man is. Accordingly, few things are more common than such sudden developments of character and outbreakings of the secret faults of the soul. We are often shocked by such cases, and our philosophy about man seems to fail, and we are at a loss to account for the instances of sudden depravity that appal the community. A man of fair character, and enjoying universal confidence, becomes suddenly a public defaulter. A clergyman is guilty of some crime that shocks the moral sense of mankind. A man of supposed regular habits becomes suddenly intemperate. A man clothed with power, like General Arnold, betrays his trust, and attempts to sell his country. A judge on the bench, like Bacon, shocks the world by the undisputed fact that he has been bribed. The community is horror-stricken, and we feel for the moment like distrusting every man, and doubting all virtue and all piety; we are almost led to conclude that all our estimates of human character on which we have heretofore acted are false, and we ask, not improperly, who is safe? In whom can we confide? And we begin to distrust every clergyman, and every officer, and every man of supposed integrity and good morals in public life, and every judge on the bench.

But these painful disclosures are not departures from the great principles of human nature. There is a maxim in law, that no one suddenly becomes eminently vile.\* These melancholy lapses into sin are but *exponents* of the real character of the man; the regular results of a long course of guilt; the regular outbreakings of secret faults—like the breaking out of the volcano, or like the tumbling down of a bowing wall, or the fall of a house that has been long undermined by secret streams. In the case of the clergyman who becomes unprincipled and vile, who shocks our moral sense, and degrades himself and his high calling by some public and shameful offence, we are not to suppose that this is a *sudden* fault or crime. There has been a long previous preparation. There has been a relaxing of the high sense of obligation, and of the sacredness of his calling; there has been a train of evil thoughts,

and unholy imaginings; there has been an indulgence in guilty wishes, and the roivings of an impure eye and imagination; there has been a neglect of secret prayer and of communion with God—and God suffers him to fall, not merely to mark his detestation of the open crime, but of the long train of evil thoughts that have led on at length to so painful a catastrophe. The man who has betrayed his trust, and who shocks the community by some stupendous crime as a public defaulter, we are not to suppose has been led by sudden temptation into the sin, or that the act which now amazes us is a solitary act. Back of that, there has been a series of secret faults that have been accumulating like pent-up waters, and that now burst forth in an enormous act of guilt that sweeps away everything that is valuable in his character, and that is peaceful in his domestic circle. The man who betrays his country, as Arnold sought to do, does not perform such a deed by one act of sudden temptation. Far back in guilty pleasures, in extravagance of living, in secret dissatisfaction with his commander or his country, in disappointed ambition, envy, malice, or covetousness, is laid the foundation of the enormous crime, and the act of treason is just the *exponent* of the man's secret guilt. And the judge on the bench who disregards the purity of the ermine, and who sells justice for a bribe, does not do this deed alone. It is the result of secret crimes and guilty desires, of a weakened sense of honour and obligation, of habitual contemplation of plans of evil, until the strength of guilt surpasses his sense of honesty and honour, and he falls to rise no more. And so our cherished secret faults will yet manifest themselves unless they are checked and removed by the grace of God and by the blood of the atonement. In a pure heart only are we safe. The indulgence in unholy thoughts and impure imaginings, and in the contemplation of guilty pleasures, no man, no matter what his rank or standing, or external character, is safe. We are safe only when in the sincerity of our hearts, and in the deep consciousness of internal corruption and great feebleness, we can lift our eyes habitually to heaven, and say, "Cleanse us from secret faults, keep us back from presumptuous transgression."—*Barnes*.

#### ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

##### NO. XV.

Pyrrhus.—1, Pythagoras; 2, Young; 3, Raphael; 4, Ruyter; 5, Harvey; 6, Urban VIII; 7, Schwartz.

##### NO. XVI.

Nantes.—1, Narbonne; 2, Axminster; 3, Narva; 4, Tarsus; 5, Eisleben; 6, Sluys.

##### NO. XVII.

Christina (Queen of Sweden)—1, Cicero; 2, Hawkins (Sir John); 3, Rapin; 4, Ignatius; 5, Shovel (Sir Cloudesley); 6, Turenne; 7, Icolmkill; 8, Nestor; 9, Arctin (Guy).

#### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

##### NO. XVIII.

An ancient city, accessible only by steps cut in the rock on which it is built. Here a prince murdered the son of his benefactor; and here the celebrated Roman general, sent to oppose the murderer, quartered his victorious legions. The first Roman emperor fortified this city, and the first Christian emperor gave it the name which it now bears. In later times Christian martyrs suffered here, and it is now the capital of a province of the French empire.

(The above may be solved by identifying the subjoined places, the initials of which supply the successive letters of the name required.)

1. The capital of the Incas of Peru.
2. The birth-place of Cardinal Wolsey.
3. An island which contained one of the seven wonders of the world, and underwent one of the most celebrated sieges recorded in history.
4. An ancient city of Spain, famous for the manufacture of swords.
5. A district of Piedmont; the refuge of the Waldenses and Albigenes from the papal tyranny.

\* Nemo repente turpissimus.

## Varieties.

**ON MOUNT SINAI.**—In about an hour and a-half from the time we left the convent, we reached the top, the "grey top" of Sinai, for while the great body of the mountain is of red granite, this is of grey. Whether from decay or the peculiarity of the original formation, I do not know, the granite appeared laminated on the top, so that we were able to split off some slices with the help of our hammers, of perhaps an inch in thickness. With these exfoliated fragments we filled our bags or pockets, thinking it worth while to carry home with us specimens of that mountain which "burned with fire," and on which Jehovah himself descended. The wind was strong and the air cold, so we took shelter under part of the low wall at the entrance to one of the chapels. While the monk who was with us was striking a light and preparing coffee, we were gazing on the scene, and writing a few short letters to friends, dated "the top of Sinai." I had taken with me "the ten commandments" in the original, on a large sheet, and, spreading it out, I read over the law, upon the summit of that mountain where it had been given three thousand five hundred years before. The cold and the driving wind were considerable hindrances, and more than once my tables of the law were on the point of being torn in pieces and carried away, but I accomplished my purpose. It was interesting at the time; nor is it less so in recollection. The day was not clear; mists were rising in the horizon, so that we did not see afar off. But we saw the "great and terrible wilderness" around us, and it was a vision of more utter barrenness and desolation than we had ever seen or fancied. No soft feature in the landscape to mitigate the unbroken horror. No green spot, no tree, no flower, no rill, no lake—but dark brown ridges, red peaks, like pyramids of solid fire. No rounded hillocks or soft mountain curves, such as one sees even in the ruggeddest of home scenes—but monstrous and misshapen cliffs, rising tier above tier, and surmounted here and there by some spire-like summit—serrated for miles into ragged grandeur, and grooved from head to foot by the winter torrents that had swept down like bursting water-spouts, tearing their naked loins, and cutting into the very veins and sinews of the fiery rock.—"*The Desert of Sinai: Notes of a Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba.*" By Horatius Bonar, D.D.

**GREEK, ROMAN, AND NEGRO LONGEVITY.**—Zeno is stated to have lived 102 years; Democritus, 104; Pyrrho, 90; Diogenes, 90; Hippocrates, 99; Plato, 82; Isocrates, 98; Gorgias, the master of Isocrates, 107. But for the cup of hemlock, and the sword of the Roman soldier, the 70 years of Socrates, and the 75 years of Archimedes, might well have reached the same high class of longevities. The old age of Sophocles, 90 years, is associated with the touching anecdote of his recitation of verses from the "*Edipus Coloneus*," in proof of his then sanity of mind. The lofty lyric genius of Pindar was not lost to his country until he had reached 84 years. Simonides wore his elegiac laurels to the age of 90.

The census instituted by Vespasian furnishes some results as to longevity singular enough to suggest doubts of their entire accuracy. The instances given by Pliny are taken exclusively from the region between the Apennines and the Po; and upon the record of this census (which he himself calls *res confessa*) he enumerates 54 persons who had reached the age of 100, 14 of 110 years, 2 of 125, 4 of 130, 4 of 135, and 3 of 140 years. In the single town of Valcatium, near Placentia, he mentions 6 persons of 110, 4 of 120, 1 of 150 years. These round numbers are somewhat suspicious as to the reality of the ages in question; and the whole statement, derived from a district by no means noted for its salubrity, is so much in excess of any similar record in other countries, that we cannot but hesitate in admitting it.

In 1840, when the population of the United States was about 17 millions, of which 2½ millions in round numbers were Negroes, the census gave 791 as the number of *Whites* above 100; while of *slaves* the number of those above 100 is registered as 1333, of *free Negroes* as 447. In 1855, we find from the census, that 43 persons died in the United States above 100; the oldest White male at 110, the oldest

White female 109; the oldest Negro man 130, the oldest Negro woman 120, both slaves. From Professor Tucker's analysis of the American census from 1790 to 1840, published a year ago, we derive the strange result, if true, that the chances of living above 100 are 13 times as great among the slaves, and 40 times as great in the free Negroes, as in the White population of the country.—*Edinburgh Review*.

**THE METROPOLIS UNDER THE FIRST GEORGE.**—In London, the emigration west did not commence till the reign of George III; and the merchants generally lived in the city, having their warehouses or counting-houses fronting the street; behind were frequently their dwellings, which, though dark and confined externally, were often expensively and luxuriously furnished. Up to the reign of Queen Anne, London was to England what Paris now is to France—everything. It was the seat of politics, pleasure, commerce, and of that conflux of idlers exhaled by the prosperity of an opulent nation. Hardly any other city possessed either attraction or influence. What now are cities were then towns; towns were villages; and villages were nests of cottages. The whole interior of the country was agricultural, and exhibited only various kinds of rusticity. Country gentlemen, when they emerged from the obscurity of their homes, sought London as the centre of traffic, power, legislation, society, amusement, and dissipation. Notwithstanding, however, these allurements, the capital still continued an inconvenient place for passengers, and unwholesome for residence. The streets, for the most part, were unpaved, and each tradesman paved the entrance to his shop as taste dictated. A skirting, railed off for security, formed the only foot pathway. The kennels, which were open on both sides of the street, swelled into inundations in wet weather; while in summer drought they sent forth pestilential exhalations from the garbage with which they were choked up. A heavy shower of rain was like the overflowing of the Nile, covering every accessible place with a deluge of water and mud. In 1736 the streets began to be lighted, as a preventive of robberies, with glass lamps few and far between; and these were only lit up till midnight, and that for only one-half the year; so that at a late hour, and during the remaining six months, the belated citizen was left to the guidance of his own lantern, or of link boys, often leagued with thieves, and who perhaps treacherously conducted him into some ruffianly ambush, where he was suddenly left in darkness, knocked down, robbed, and perhaps murdered.

**THE MOST USEFUL LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.**—To those who have never considered the subject, it might appear that each letter of the alphabet is of equal importance with the others in the formation of words; but the relative proportions required in the English language have by long experience been pretty accurately settled to be these:—A, 85; B, 16; C, 30; D, 44; E, 120; F, 25; G, 17; H, 64; I, 80; J, 4; K, 8; L, 40; M, 30; N, 80; O, 80; P, 17; Q, 6; R, 62; S, 80; T, 90; U, 34; V, 12; W, 20; X, 4; Y, 20; Z, 2. Hence the letter E is used sixty times oftener than Z, and about thirty times oftener than J, X, or Q.

**ADMIRATION AND ASPIRATION.**—It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards our minds will themselves grow upwards, and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire. Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.—*Dr. Arnold*.

**A BEAUTIFUL SIGNIFICATION.**—"Alabama" signifies, in the Indian language, "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest of the south-west. Weary and travel-worn, they reached a noble river which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band stuck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed, "Alabama! Alabama!" ("Here we shall rest! Here we shall rest!")